



Alfred

by Patricia Homeier

He'll don a hat, then *Time* and smile in hand
Head down to eat, observe, too loudly laugh—
No sense in caring what small others think,
He'll turn the page, then murmur "derelict."

Back in the makeshift darkroom he'll appear
Along with black-and-whites from murky pans
The photographs, enclosed in cards then mailed,
Have helped begin a friendship, warm cold hearts.

As friendships go, he offers all he is—
And satisfied with nothing less he'll push
Until he's scraped your soul, pried loose your dreams
He doesn't stop with looking—got to touch.